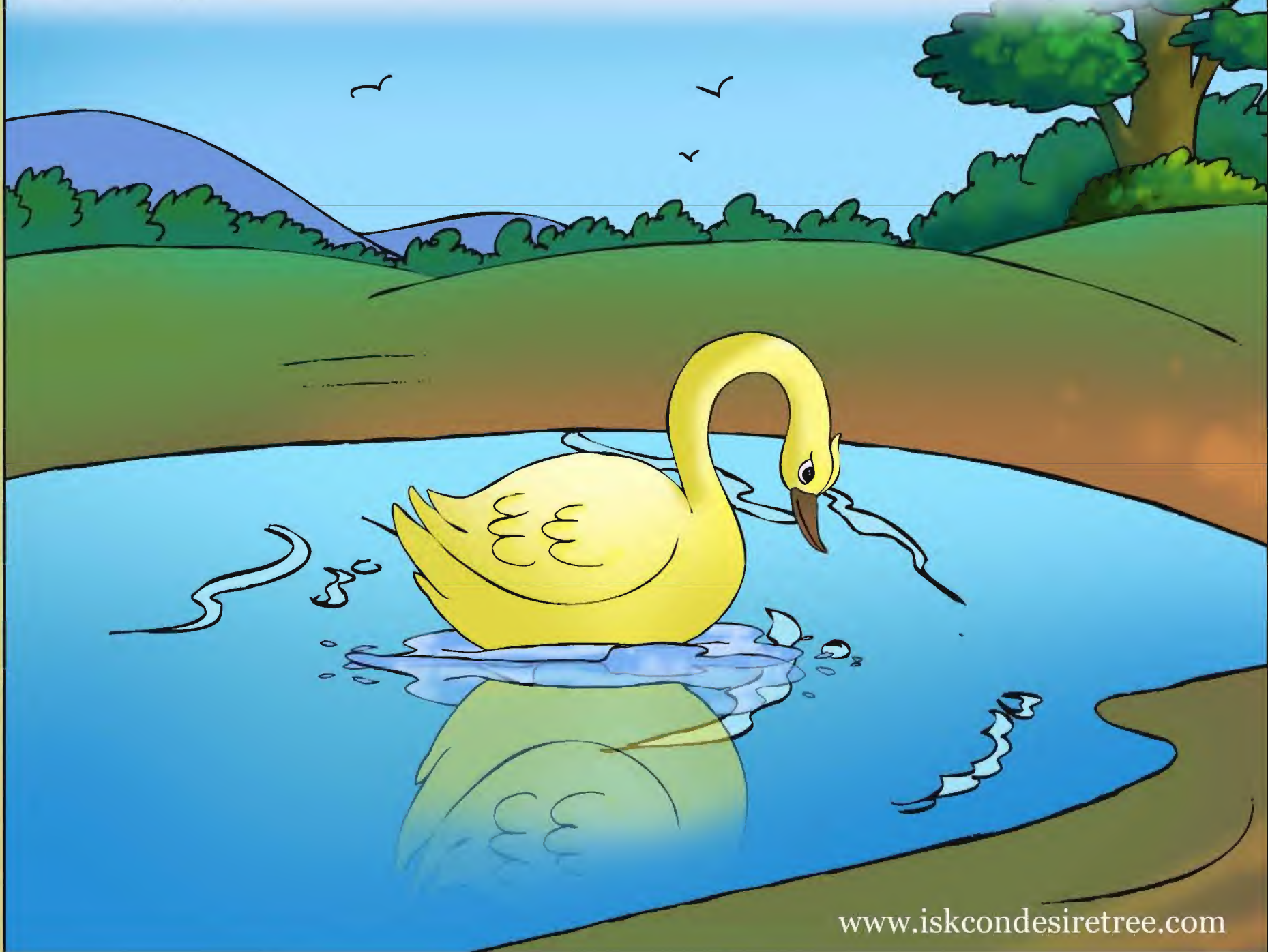


# Greed brings misery



Once upon a time, there was golden swan. This swan was very special. He remembered everything of his his previous life. Hence, he had came to a pond near his village.





One day a lady who happened to be his wife in the previous birth came to the pond to fetch water. She was astonished to see this swan speak.



I was your husband  
in previous life and because of my karma,  
I have been reincarnated as a golden swan. I know  
that you are living in poverty. Hence, I have come specially  
to help you and my child. Every day I will give one golden  
feather from my body. You can sell this in the  
market and thus you can buy your  
daily requirements.





She became very happy

This is very precious.  
We will no longer  
live a poor life.







As the time passed on she became very rich. She had a big house and had many workers to work for her. She was enjoying life.







What if  
the swan disappears? Then I may  
no longer get the golden feather. Better  
on some excuse I keep him under  
custody with me.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a light blue sari, stands on a grassy bank next to a pond. She is gesturing with her right hand towards a yellow swan that is swimming in the water. The swan has a long neck and is looking up at the woman. In the background, there are green bushes and trees under a blue sky with a few birds flying. A speech bubble from the woman contains the text: "My dear husband why don't you come and stay with us, so that I can serve you."

My dear husband  
why don't you come and  
stay with us, so that I can  
serve you.



She made arrangements on backyard for the swan to stay, so that she can keep a watch on him and he may not escape.



Now the brahman's wife became more greedy...

When I pluck one feather out of the swan's body another grows up, what if I pluck many feathers at a time? More will grow. I will thus become rich faster.










Before the swan could say any more, the wife immediately removed all the feathers.





A woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a white sari with a blue border, is kneeling on a yellow floor. She holds a single grey feather in her right hand, looking at it with a surprised and disappointed expression. Her mouth is open as if she is speaking. In the foreground, a large, fluffy grey feather lies on the floor. To the left, a white swan with a long neck and a brown beak is looking towards the woman. The background consists of a yellow wall and a purple wall with a wooden frame.

Ohh!!!!  
These are no longer  
golden feathers.

I was about  
to tell you that I can  
give only one golden feather  
at a time but you did  
not allow me to do so.

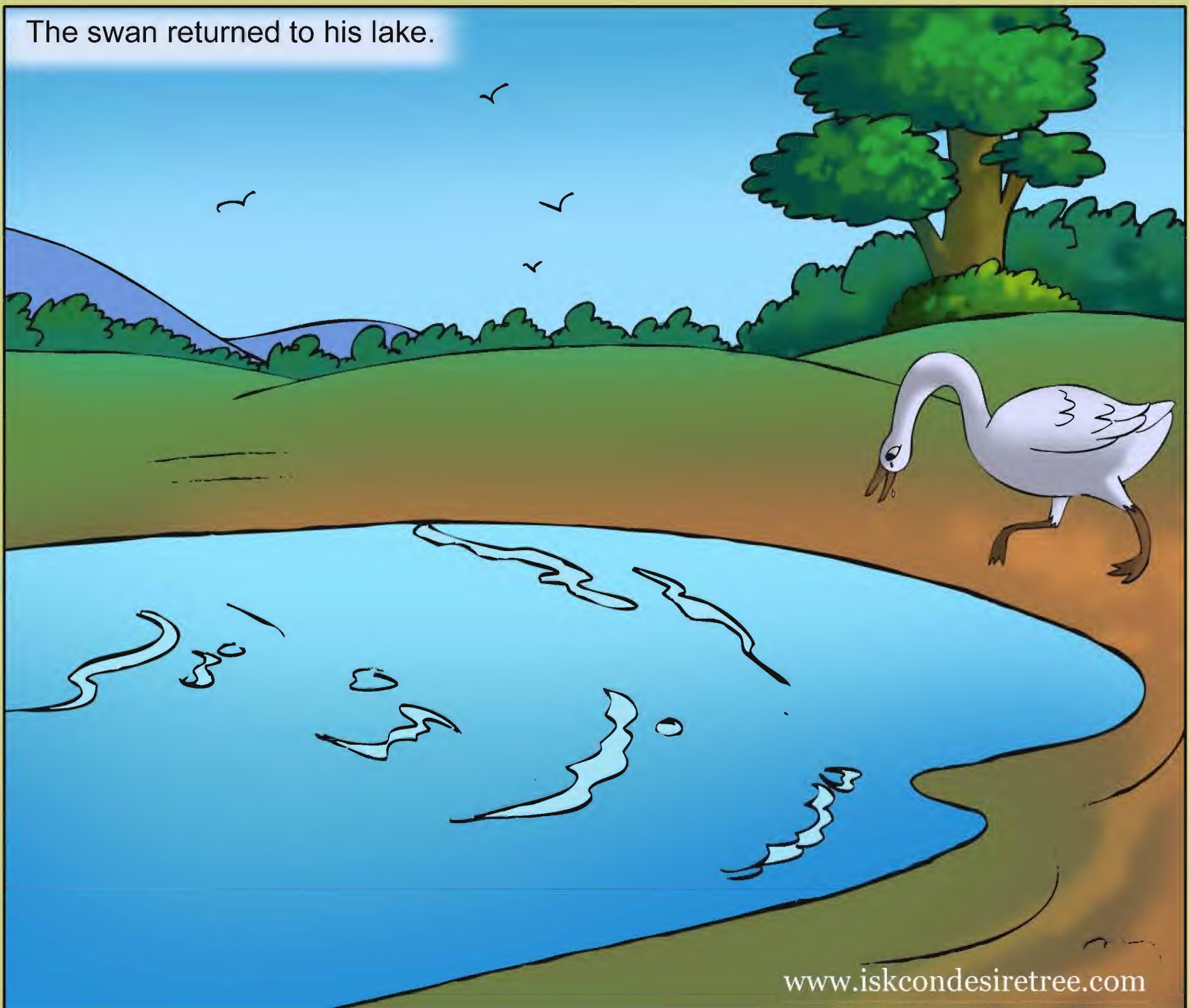


Get out  
from here, I don't want  
to see your face.

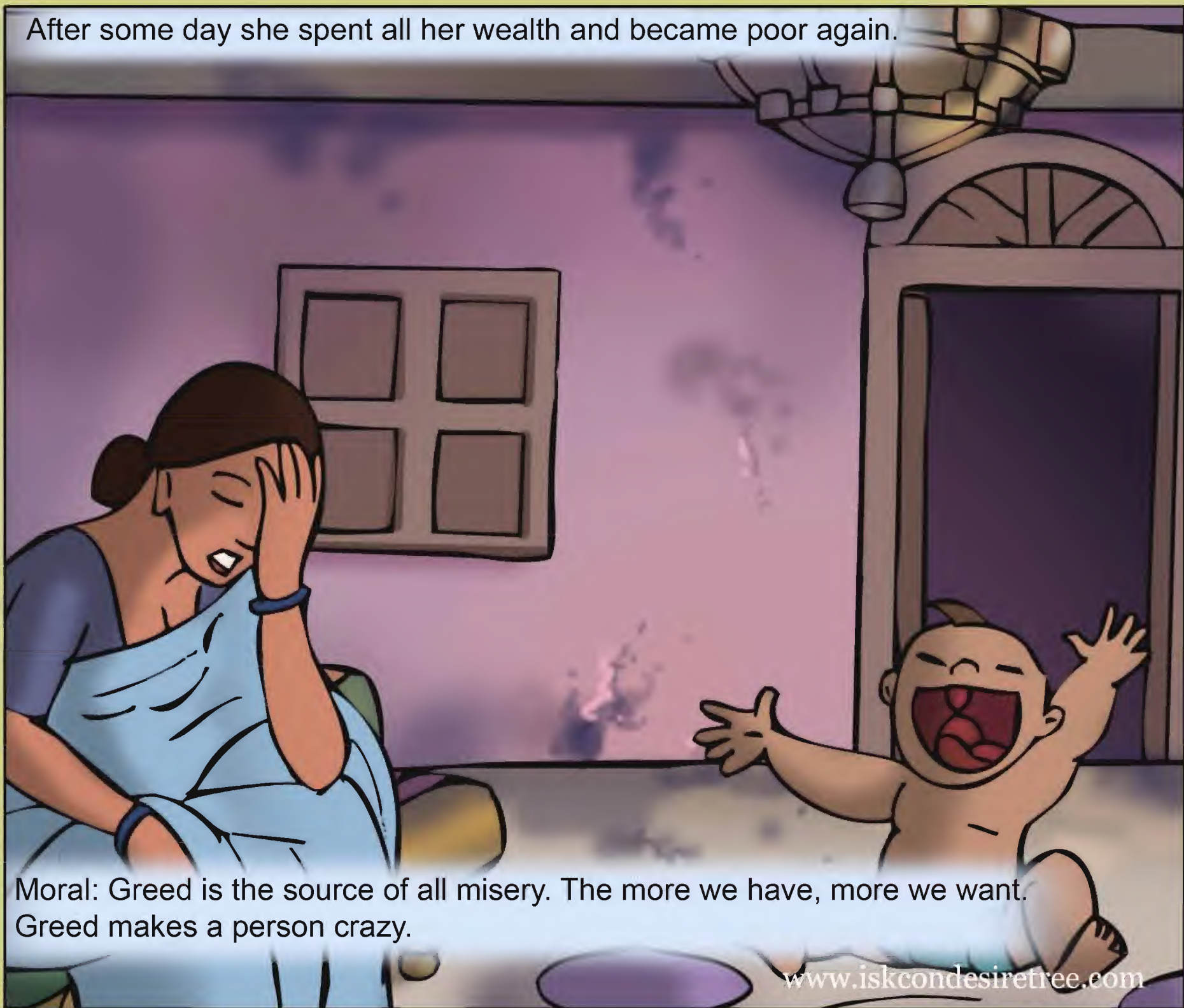




The swan returned to his lake.



After some day she spent all her wealth and became poor again.



Moral: Greed is the source of all misery. The more we have, more we want.  
Greed makes a person crazy.